

THE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC WORLDS

NEW YEAR DAY evoked the following from various theater folk:

George Ade—Here's hoping that those who did not find us out this year will overlook us the next year.

Henry Miller—The years are getting scandalously short. It seems as if 1932 "had found some months asleep and leaped them over." I hope 1933 will be less hazy and just as happy.

Julia Marlowe—Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.

Marc Klaw—Let us ask in 1933 not who makes a man, but what.

David Belasco—Let the trend of the drama toward the serious be even more pronounced in the year to come than it was in the year just closed.

Oscar Hammerstein—Learn to smile and give pleasure to other people.

Lillian Russell—May the new year find my lines cast in as pleasant a place and amid such congenial surroundings as during the past few seasons.

Viola Allen—What a happy arrangement of the calendar it is that brings Christmas and the end of the old year to bury cares and disappointments with cheer and good will, leaving our hearts and minds clear to begin the new year with bright hopes and fresh ambitions!

De Wolf Hopper—At present I am a Virginia creeper, dodging from theater into sleeper; but happiness comes with New Year in view, so a happy New Year for me and you.

Aubrey Boucault—My happiest New Year Day, bringing as it does Broadway recognition after a struggle of sixteen years. Tonight, surrounded by my stage friends and associates, we bid adieu to the past in the flowing bowl and turn with hope to the future.

MR. HALL CAINE, on arriving in England actually denied his resemblance to Shakespeare.

"WAY DOWN EAST" will be presented in Australia this summer by a cast to be chosen from the three companies now playing the pastoral in America.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL is looking for a New York theater in which to present next season a series of popular Sardou plays and Shakespearean revivals.

MISS FRANKLIN, dramatic editor of "Leslie's Weekly," is in Boston doing the advance work for James K. Hackett and "The Crisis," and living in a private room at one of the hospitals. It is an instance of sheer pluck.

MRS. BURNETT has provided the play in which Millie James will appear shortly. The title is "The Little Unlucky Princess," and Miss James will play a small girl who has heartrending experiences. Next season Miss James will star in a Paul Kester product.

EMMA CALVE, according to Paris dispatches, is about to settle down to a commonplace bourgeois life after marrying Jules Barbier early in January. For a long time it was believed she was engaged to Henri Cain, the novelist. Re-

AN ARMY BRIDE — ROMANCE AND RIVALRY AT A FRONTIER FORT — By Lieut. JOHN LLOYD.

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THIS STORY WAS BEGUN WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

Nina Wentworth, a New York belle of two seasons, wealthy in her own right, visits her cousin, Mary Marey, daughter of the colonel in command of Fort Huachuca, Ariz. Mary is admired by Kader Roman, a young civilian, who has squandered a fortune and sunk the rest in a mine that refuses to pan out. Two officers are rivals for Nina's hand. One is Lieutenant Hecker, a handsome, reckless man, who is already mixed up in two affairs, one with a Mexican girl named Pancha; the other with Mrs. Savage, a dashing married woman of Tombstone. Nina's other lover is Captain Adair, brave but reserved. Nina prefers Adair, and, learning that he is about to start on active service against the Indians, consents to an immediate marriage in Tombstone, where they happen to be. The minister's son, an enlisted man who goes by the name of Melish, is an unseen witness of the ceremony. He is a bad lot, a tool of Hecker, and with a grudge against Adair, Nina and Adair, riding to the fort at night to tell their friends, are attacked by Apaches. Adair is about to shoot Nina to save her from a worse fate, but is himself shot by an Indian. Waking up six weeks later in the hospital at the fort, he learns of the rescue of himself and Nina by the soldiers, and that Nina has gone East. He is about to write her a letter when Mary Marey and Mrs. Adair call to see him. Mary sees the letter, which begins "My dear Nina," and is about to read it when Mrs. Adair, Lieutenant Hecker, having secured a long leave, goes to say good-by to his Mexican lover, Pancha Lopez, and takes Melish with him. The next day he makes his farewell visit to Mrs. Savage. Her husband invites him to join a poker game, and he loses \$1,500. Mrs. Savage insists on his taking a thousand dollars of her own—as a loan.

CHAPTER XI.

"The Cold Light of Day."

As soon as Adair knew that Nina had gone back to her home he began to hope for a letter from her. Every evening Adair lay with his face toward the road and looked and longed for some word from Nina. He could look across the parade ground and see the ladies in Officers' Row standing out upon the verandas, waiting for their own letters from distant homes.

The mail had to be taken into the post-trader's postoffice and distributed, but the coming of the orderly always meant that the letters would be there in a very few minutes. From the time he saw the dusty blue uniform and the ambulant mule disappear up toward the post trader's until it was so late that there could be no possibility of a letter, Adair's heart would beat thickly and heavily. He hadn't many correspondents. A letter had been a rare event for him. Many came in these days, condoling with him over his hurt, and congratulating him upon his escape, but every one was put down with a heavy heart. Its contents had been a bitter disappointment.

He had torn up the letter he had begun to Nina. It had seemed brutal to follow her, even with a letter, when she had gone and left him. As the weeks went by and convalescence gradually grew into his normal health, he ceased hoping to hear from her. She had repented of

cently, however, she discarded his suit. M. Barbier has apparently found his way to Calve's heart through her hand. He is a student of palmistry and occultism, and Calve likewise dabbles in both cults. These kindred tastes attracted them, and so they will marry.

MAETERLINCK'S two new plays were written for Martin Harvey, and Mr. W. B. Yeats' new drama is called "Where There is Nothing," which title has a distinct flavor of Ibsen. The story is a compound of revolutionary ideas and beautiful verbal music. Mr. Yeats uses a motive that once appeared in a short story, the survival of the pagan—or, rather, the recrudescence of pagan—worship among purely Christian believers. Admirers of the pure poet in Mr. Yeats' work will be interested in this play.

MME. AUGUSTA HOLMES, one of the most talented of French composers, is engaged upon a musical "poem" in four acts relating to a story of southwest Ireland in 1798. Mme. Holmes, who is the daughter of British parents, her father being an Irishman and her mother a Scotchwoman, was very friendly with Wagner, who greatly admired her compositions. "Let me know all that you do; I shall always be interested in your work," he once told her. Another of her acquaintances was Henri Regnaud, who painted her portrait as "Thetis," a picture which obtained for him the coveted Prix de Rome.

MAUDE LILLIAN BERRI, of the "Sultan of Sulu" company, received a Christmas present, so she says, which promises her a small fortune. It is the popcorn privilege at the St. Louis Exposition. Last summer she was playing there, and one evening at a public supper she was lamenting the fact that actresses rarely have an opportunity to make money. According to her story, ex-governor Francis of Missouri, who was present, at once offered her the exclusive right to sell popcorn at the Exposition. She says she took the matter as a joke until Wednesday, when she received an offer of \$5,000 for her right from a St. Louis man.

VOROS' JANESECI, who has lately died at Raab in his seventy-seventh year, was one of the first musicians to introduce Hungarian bands into England. As a young man he was a partisan of Kossuth, but subsequently he visited London and with so much financial success that he spent several seasons in the capital, occasionally giving concerts at Marlborough House. His band was entirely composed of Hungarians. Nowadays "Hungarian bands" are mainly made up of British or Germans attired in fancy costume, though, curiously enough, the cimbalum player is generally a Hungarian.

EMPEROR WILLIAM has evidently become jealous of the great fame enjoyed at present by conductors, and has therefore joined the guild. At Bregenz, the other day, after a dinner, he asked a military band to play a composition, "Stordebeker," written in 1402, and arranged for cavalry band by Maj. Gen.

Count Cuno von Molke. It greatly pleased the Emperor, who thereupon took the baton and personally conducted some marches. Then he gave the baton to the count, with the words, "There, dear Molke, now it's your turn." The following day the Kaiser attended a rehearsal of the band, remained a whole hour, and again conducted several marches.

MAX KLINGER, the sculptor, has been reproached for representing Beethoven as a demi-god, half naked, seated in an ancient chair. It now appears that this scheme is not original with the sculptor. In 1830 Franz Drake made a sketch for a monument to Beethoven. He represented the composer seated on a curule chair, the arms of which are adorned with heads of griffins; Beethoven is covered with a wrap classically folded, and he looks toward heaven for inspiration. In Klinger's statue an eagle looks at Beethoven, who in turn gazes skyward. Of course, this does not prove that Klinger copied Drake's sketch, and it is highly probable that he never saw it.

STUART ROBSON told the following soon after the announcement of the death of ex-Speaker Reed:

"I was in the elevator of the Shoreham in Washington, last winter, when a large man entered from the office floor. At once I recognized him from the several pictures I had seen, and I fear my curiosity got the better of my politeness, for I could not resist the temptation of staring at the man I so much admired. Caught in the act, I lowered my eyes and pretended to be interested in a pretty child, who was talking to her doll, when Mr. Reed said, with a laugh, 'Take a long look at me, Mr. Robson; I have been looking at you off and on for many a year, so we'll try and call the matter even. It honors most men of my calling to meet one of yours, for one realizes that if we political fellows could distribute as much happiness to mankind as you player fellows do the world would be a damned sight better for it.'"

"THE STRANGER'S GUIDE" to Dresden published lately this paragraph: "Herr Kammersaenger Georg Anthes has informed the management of the Royal Opera of his intention not to return to Dresden. He has therefore broken his contract, which does not expire until May 1, 1905. Such dishonorable conduct needs no comment. During his two months' illness (!) Herr Anthes drew his salary as usual, although he had already signed with Grau to sing in America for \$500 a night; he is also said to have received at that time (a month before his illness) the sum of \$50,000 in advance.

"Herr Anthes has sailed for New York on board the Kronprinz Wilhelm. Besides being excluded from ever again appearing on a German stage Herr Anthes loses his claim to a pension and incurs a very heavy fine."

He was not the first Dresden singer to forfeit his pension in hope of becoming a millionaire. He was the first to do so in the year 1905. He was the first to do so in the year 1905. He was the first to do so in the year 1905.

This is the main theme. We can easily fancy the poetic treatment of Hauptmann and the wealth of delicate details he has invented to make the romance palatable. It has been translated into English.

leave, a little more tired and unhappy than when he started out.

Ten days later he had said good-by to every one, and was on his way to the Pacific Slope. He stopped in Tombstone. He wanted to see the old man who had said the marriage service that had made Nina his wife. There had been no question of secrecy then, but it might be important to ask him now.

The door of the little wooden house was closed, and the curtainless windows looked like blind eyes on each side. He knocked and heard the echo of emptiness. There was a head pushed out of the window of the next house, and a woman called to attract his attention.

"Is it Mr. Bland you want to see?" she asked, with the air of one who had information to distribute. "He's dead. He died this Thursday coming a week. He sent the remains back East. It was real sad," and she looked him boldly over in an effort to "place him," as she would have said.

Adair went back down the path, white in the sunshine. There were faded zinnias, almost the only flower that grows hardily in Arizona, down each side. It seemed to Adair that a last link had been broken. He felt like a boy who had a grief, and no one in whom he could confide.

He wondered why he could not feel as he had felt before he ever knew Nina. It had only been a short three weeks, but they had made his life anew. He wondered if all the stories he had heard of the perfidy of women were true; if he were but one of the great army of men who were victims. And then he was ashamed of himself. He blamed himself for taking his girl wife into the horrors of that night—that night when her nerves were already strung to tension pitch. Whatever she did, he would not blame her. Let it be hers to say what their lives should be in the future.

And then at the thought of going away from her so far, his soul revolted. He could not, he would not do it! He walked the little platform at Benson, where the road ran by which would take him westward to San Francisco and Japan, or eastward to New York and Nina. He must go to her. He would go to her. After all, she was his wife, and he had the right. It seemed a simple thing to do, after he thought of it as a real possibility.

TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW AND EVERY WEEK DAY UNTIL COMPLETED.

HANDS BLOWN OFF AS DYNAMITE THAWED

CARLISLE, Pa., Jan. 2.—David A. Lauer, section foreman in the employ of the G. & H. Railroad, had both hands blown off, and was otherwise injured yesterday at Bonnybrook while endeavoring to thaw out a stick of dynamite. Lauer, who is in the Todd Hospital, this city, is in a critical condition. He is forty-five years old.

coming exceedingly rich in this country. Emil Fischer could easily tell Mr. Anthes queer experiences.

ROBERT EDESON and Richard Harding Davis, the author of "Soldiers of Fortune," in which the former is making his initial stellar tour, were journeying the other day from Indianapolis to St. Louis. They were seated in the smoking compartment, enjoying a quiet chat. Their conversation was continually interrupted by the persistent newsboy, soliciting them to purchase his wares.

After Edeson and Davis had positively and emphatically explained to him that they were not in immediate need of popcorn, apples, and chocolates, he desisted. They had scarcely exchanged congratulations on his disappearance, however, when he bobbed up serenely with an armful of books, which he described as "the latest works by the most popular and well-known authors."

He proffered Davis a copy of everything he had for sale, his assortment ranging from "Jesse James in Missouri" to the latest thing in cook books. They assured him that they had read the various books he offered for sale. Again the "newsy" disappeared and reappeared, and literally shoved under Davis' nose several of his own books, whereupon Davis ejaculated:

"Oh, take them away. I wrote that" (pointing to "Soldiers of Fortune"), "and this and that" (indicating "Captain Macklin" and "Ransom's Folly").

"Humph," returned the lad, grinning: "guess that's the reason they won't sell."

"DER ARME HEINRICH," Gerhart Hauptmann's new five-act drama—produced at the Deutsches Theater, Berlin, December 6—has for its theme an idea recalling Senta's sacrifice in Wagner's "Flying Dutchman."

The story is founded on an old German legend and the play is written in verse. Some critics say that Hauptmann has surpassed "The Sunken Bell" in his imaginative flights. Be this as it may, the outline of the plot seems somewhat depressing.

A wealthy nobleman suffers from a mysterious disease. He is told that only the sacrifice of a maiden's blood can effect a cure. He finds one in the person of a poor forester's daughter. She is fifteen years old and has long loved the ailing count. He is her ideal man. Insignificantly he rejects the proffered life. However, she will not be denied, despite the fact that he thrusts her from his presence. Later, thinking that she is dead, he has her spirit summoned him, he follows her to the doctor. There the fatal knife is uplifted. Suddenly the man rushes in and rescues this particularly obsessed young woman, for behold he is cured! Her love has accomplished the miracle; love is the conqueror because of her unselfishness.

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CHICAGO WANTS TO KNOW WHY IT GETS NO COAL

Will Probe With State Attorney General.

CHICAGO, Jan. 2.—Investigation of conditions at the Illinois coal mines and a searching examination of the big operators in regard to the serious fuel shortage has been decided on by Attorney General Hamlin on behalf of the State administration.

The new move in the inquiry is to be carried on in connection with the probing of the methods of the railroads and the Chicago dealers, now conducted by the attorney general and the city council committee, to ascertain to what extent they are to blame for the withholding of coal from the market.

The attorney general left Chicago for Springfield Wednesday evening and will personally conduct the coal mine inquiry from that point for the rest of this week.

He will send representatives to all the large mines to find out the number of cars held on the sidings and the causes of delay in railroad deliveries. His intention is to learn direct from those engaged in the handling of the product whether the delay is due to collusion between the railroads and the operators or to the dilatory tactics of one or the other.

Meanwhile the aldermanic committee, headed by Chairman Badenech, will push the inquiry into the alleged manipulation of the coal supply for Chicago by railroads and dealers.

Requests have been sent out to 150 wholesale and retail coal dealers to be present tomorrow afternoon in the council chamber at the City Hall, to explain why the people cannot get coal and to offer suggestions for the alleviation of the situation.

STATISTICAL REVIEW OF CENTURY'S SECOND YEAR

Suicides Show Lamentable Increase, While There Was a Less Number of Lynchings.

CHICAGO, Jan. 2.—According to the year's statistical review, as compiled by the "Tribune," the donations and bequests of educational, charitable, and religious institutions in 1902 foot up \$77,397,167, as compared with \$123,888,732 for 1901, the record-breaking year, and \$62,461,294 in 1900.

Suicides steadily increase. The total number reported for 1902 is 8,231. The steadiness of this increase is shown by the following comparison: In 1899 there were 2,340 cases; in 1900, 8,755; in 1901, 7,245.

The lynchings reported in 1902 show a gratifying decrease. There were but 96, as compared with 135 in 1901. Eighty-seven occurred in the South and 9 in the North. Of the total number 86 were negroes, 9 whites, and 1 Indian. One woman was lynched in South Carolina.

The alleged crimes were as follows: Murder, 37; criminal assault, 19; attempted criminal assault, 11; attempted murder, 4; unknown offenses, 6; assaulting whites, 3; accessory to murder, 3; disreputable character, 2; race prejudice, 2; horse stealing, alleged conjuring, suspicion of murder, larceny, accessory to larceny, sheltering a murderer, making threats, planning elopement, mistaken identity, 1 each.

The number of legal executions in 1902 was 144, as compared with 118 in 1901 and 119 in 1900.

There were 101 hanged in the South and 43 in the North, of whom 85 were negroes, 56 whites, two Indians, and one Chinaman. The crimes for which they were executed were: Murder, 132; criminal assault, 8; attempted criminal assault, 1; conspiracy to murder, 15.

The following table gives the loss of life resulting from disasters of various kinds in this country in the course of the year: Fires, 1,540; drowning, 2,068; explosions, 526; falling buildings, etc., 419; cyclones and storms, 481; lightning, 206; electricity, 213.

The loss of life by railroad accidents for 1902 was 3,162; as compared with 3,669 in 1901, and 1,409 in 1900. The number of seriously injured was 3,487, as compared with 3,265 in 1901, and 3,870 in 1900. The total fire losses of 1902 will be about \$154,600,000, an improvement as compared with 1901.

The clerk was exonerated in court, but Blakemore and Emery were fined for disorderly conduct. Elliott's case was continued pending his recovery.

The shooting created a sensation, as the Giffen company is one of the leading stock organizations in the South.

THE JOLLY FAT MEN'S CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

The Jolly Fat Men's Club has elected the following officers for the new year: President, Andrew Gleeson. Vice president, John A. Knapp. Secretary, G. T. Grellaw. Treasurer, H. V. Lansdale. Trustees, Capt. E. S. Randall, John Fitzmorris, J. M. Becker. Sentinel, P. J. Breenahan. The club is in a prosperous condition and is rapidly increasing in numbers. The officers are planning for many big athletic events in the spring and summer.

OFFICERS FOR A YEAR.

The annual election of the Association of Stationary Engineers of the District of Columbia was held Wednesday night, and resulted as follows: President, S. W. Corwin; vice president, W. L. Stuart; recording and financial secretary, W. M. Donald; corresponding secretary, George E. Reid; treasurer, G. T. Ward; conductor, O. Chapman; doorkeeper, M. McGraw; trustees, Messrs. Reid, Sasse, and Williams.

NEW JERSEY FARMER TO RAFFLE HIMSELF OFF

Five Negresses Among Those Who Take Chances.

SECAUCUS, N. J., Jan. 2.—Failing to secure a wife through matrimonial agents, advertisements, or in the usual way, John W. Miller, a well-to-do farmer, has hit upon the original plan of putting himself up at a raffle among the women of this district at 25 cents a chance, the winner to take him, his savings, and farm of twenty-seven acres on the Snake Hill Road.

Up to date Miller has sold 711 tickets, and says he could sell as many more. Five colored women bought tickets, and Miller is in despair lest one of them should prove the lucky contender and carry off both him and his worldly goods. The raffle is to be decided tomorrow night at Miller's home. Afterward there is to be a real old-fashioned New Year feast.

Miller is not venturing into the matrimonial heaven without experience. He has been "hitcheed before," as he expressed it. In 1896 his wife died and he lately decided to make another venture. He tried in the usual way, but failed, perhaps because he has a fierce beard and hair. He has tender blue eyes, but the combination did not convince any of the fair dames of the county of his seriousness, notwithstanding his farm and other monetary attractions.

Miller is fifty-seven years old, stands five feet five inches, and is said to be well to do. His strange idea of raffling himself is not the result, he says, of a whim, but because he wishes to find a wife. He declares he will abide by the conditions he made, but admits that he is "mighty nervous" for fear one of the five negresses will draw the winning chance.

GENTLEMAN BURGLAR CALLS ON MISS THURBER

Tells Her to "Please Sit Down."

NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—A pair of burglars called on Tuesday night at the home of Francis B. Thurber, who was once a well-known wholesale grocer, and is now a lawyer. Mr. Thurber's house is at 40 West Twenty-fifth Street. He was not at home, but one of the burglars had an interview with his daughter, Miss Jeanette, who is twenty-four years old.

The burglars called about 9:15 o'clock. Mrs. Thurber, who started the American Opera Company, and founded the National Conservatory of Music, was in her room on the second floor back. Miss Jeanette was in her room on the third floor, and there were five servants in the basement. Miss Jeanette had written some letters and went down to her father's room on the second floor front to leave one for him.

There was a dim light in the room and she saw a man standing near the window. At first she thought it was her father. Then she decided that it was not.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

Claims Proprietary Rights. "I belong here," said the stranger. "This is my home. What do you want?" Miss Jeanette told him that it was her father's home, and that he was an intruder.

"Oh, that's all right," he said, taking out a revolver and walking toward her. He put the revolver against her forehead, between the eyes, and continued:

"Now, young women, I don't want to cause you any unnecessary annoyance. I'm going to occupy this house temporarily and you know that might be right. I want you to sit down and make no outcry. If you do I will be obliged to kill you. Now, please sit down."

Miss Jeanette instead said: "I give you my word of honor that I won't alarm any one. I won't speak above a whisper."

"I believe you," he said, "but just the same you must sit down, and if you don't I will kill you."

He pushed her toward a chair and as she sat down she saw another man standing behind the curtain over one of the front windows. The man who had been talking to her noticed her glance and remarked: "Don't be alarmed, he's a friend of mine." Then he called out:

"Bill, you go up to the third floor and tell Jack to get out." "Bill" came from behind the curtain and tiptoed out of the room, softly closing the door after him.

A Gentlemanly Burglar. "Why don't you sit down?" said Miss Thurber to the man who was holding the revolver against her head. She told her mother afterward that he was so gentlemanly looking that she wanted to ask him how he ever came to get into the house-breaking business.

"I don't think I can sit down," he said. "I don't play when I work, although I would like very much to accept your invitation."

He paused for a moment and then went on:

"I am going to leave now. For two minutes I want you to sit still and not say a word. By that time I will be out of the house. I hope it is needless for me to warn you again that should you make any outcry I will kill you."

Bowing before her he took the revolver from her head and backed out of the door, closing it after him and saying softly: "Good night."

Miss Thurber waited until she thought that the two minutes grace had expired and then walked into the hall. Mrs. Thurber was standing in the doorway of her room. "I thought I heard some one walking down stairs," said Mrs. Thurber.

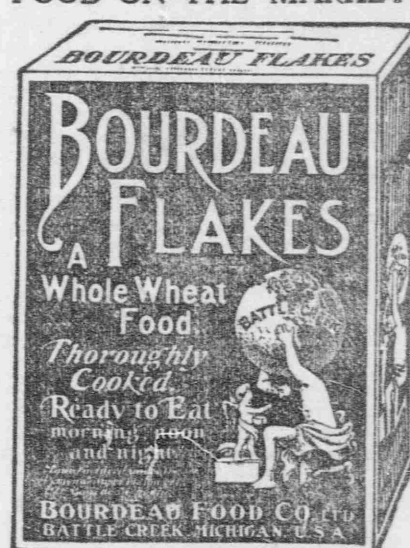
"Hush!" said her daughter, "there are burglars in the house."

VIRGINIA EXECUTIVE ILL.

RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 2.—Governor A. J. Montague is ill at the executive mansion here. It is thought that he is suffering from the grip. He has been unable to leave his room for several days. Lieutenant Governor Willard has been at his bedside.

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